CALLED BACK.

A Well-Told Story of Continuou and Absorbing Interest.

"You will pay me and blame me for nothing. But listen—once more I say it—the signorina is not for love or marriage."

uperstitious o'd fool! Were I auline's charms to be buried in a numbery! Then a bell rang and Teresa left me In a few minutes she reappeared and conducted me up-stairs to a room in which I found my beautiful Pauline and her uncle. She raised her dark dreamy cyes and looked at me-the most infat cycs and fooked at me—the most infac-tated man could not have flattered him-self that the light of love was in them.

I fully expected that Dr. Ceneri-would have left us to arrange matters alone; but no—he took me by the hand and in a stately manner led me to his

"Pauline, you know this gentleman." She bowed. "Yes, I know him."
"Mr. Vaughan," continued Ceneri,
does us the honor of asking you to be

I could not permit all the wooing to

I could not permit all the wooing to be done by proxy, so I stepped forward and took ner hand in mine.

"Pauline." I whispered, "I love you —since first I saw you I have loved you —will you be my wife?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she replied, sofily, but without even changing color.

"You can not 'ove me now, but you will by and by—w.ll you not, my darling?"

She did not respond to my appeal.

She did not respond to my apreal, but then she did not repulse me, neither did she strive to withdraw her hand from mine; she remained calm and undemonstrative as ever; but I threw my arm round her, and, in spite of Ceneri's presence, kessed her passionately. It was only when my lips touched her own that I saw the color rise to her check and knew that she was moved.

She disengaged berself from my em-brace, glanced at her uncle, who stood impassive as if he had witnessed noth-ing out of the common, and then she

ad from the room.
"I think you had better go now," said Cener. "I will arrange everything with Pauline. You must do on your part all that is necessary for the

part all that is ne essary for the day after to-morrow."

"It is very sudden," I said.

"It is, but it must be so—I can not wait an hour longer. You had better leave me now and return to-morrow."

I went away with my head in a whirl—I was uncertain what to do. The —I was uncertain what to do. The temptation to call Pauline my own in so short a time was great: but I could not deceive myself by thinking that she carea for me at all, as yet. But, as Ceneri sa'd, I could do my wooing after marriage. Still I hesitated. The hurried proceeding was so strange. Ardenty as I desired to wed Pauline I wished I could have first worn here. wished I could have first won her. Would it not be better to let her uncle take her to Italy, then follow her and learn if she could love me? Against this prudent course came Ceneri's vague threat, that in such an event, his mind might be changed—and more than all, I was desperately in love. Although it could only be for her beauty that I loved her, I was madly in love. Fate hal thrown us together. She had escaped me twice—now the third time she was offered to me unreservedly. I was superstitious enough to think that if I re,ected or postponed accepting the gift, it would be withdrawn forever. No-come what will, in two days' time

Pauline shall be my wife!

I saw her the next day, but never alone Ceneri was with us all the time. Pauline was sweet, silent, shy and languid. I had much to do—much to see to. New r was a wooing so short or so to. Never was a wooing so short or so strange as mine. By the evening all arrangements were made, and by ten o'clock the next morning Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline March were man and wife—those two who had not in their lifetime even conversed for a time amounting, say, to three hours, were linked together for better or worse till death should part them. Ceneri left immediately the ceremony

was over, and, to my astonishment, Teresa announced her intention of ac-companying him. She did not fail to wait on me for the promised reward, which I gave her freely and fully. My heart's us irw was to wed Pauline and heart's on iro was to wood Pauliby her aid it had been compassed.

Then, with my beautiful bride, I start-

ed for the Scottish lakes, to begin the wooing which should have hen completed before the final step had been taken.

CHAPTER V.

By LAW, NOT LOVE.

Proud and happy as I felt when sented side by side with Pauline in the railway carriage which was taking us to the north, fortunate as I told myself I was to have won such a fair bride: great as my love was for the sweet girl who and just vowed herself mine for ever, Ceneri's extraordinary stipulation kept recurring to my mind—the man who marries Pauline March must be content to take her as she is; to wish to

know nothing of her past. Not for one minute did I think such a contract could be enforced. As soon as to the usual civilities shown by a gen-I had succeeded in making Pauline love them as the contract could be enforced. As soon as me she would surely wish to tell me all her history—there would be no need to ask for it—the confidence would then be given as a matter of course. When she learned the secret of love all other secrets would cease between us.

My wife looked very beaut ful as she eat with her head leaning actinst the dark clot; of the carriage. her cleardark clots of the carriage. Let clear-cut, refined features showed in that po-sition advantageously. For face, as usual was pale and calm: her eyes were A woman to be indeed proud of; to worship to cherish, and how sweet it seemed to whisper the word to

sweet it seemed to whisper the word to myself—my wife!

Yet I suspect none would have taken us for a newly married couple. At any rate there were no nudgings and sly glances among our fellow-passengers. The ceremony had been so hurried on that no attempt had been made to invest Pauline with the usual bridal necessories. Her dress, although becoming and fashionable, was one in which I had seen her several times. Neither of us had any brand new belongings to take Ceneri at his word? Why not have waited until I had ascertained that the girl could love me, or at least. moon; so the only notice we attracted was the notice which was due to my

wife's great and uncomn strangeness of our new relations pre-vented our conversing in an ordinary way, by mutaal consent we were all but silent; a few soft words in Italian were id trust myself to speak until

At the first important station, the first place at which the train stopped for any time worth mentioning, I exercised a little diplomatic bribery, and, changing our carriage we were installed in a compartment the windows of which bore the magic word 'engaged.' Pauline and I were alone. I

gaged." Pauline and I were alone. I took her hand in mine. "My wife!" I said passionately, "mine, only mine, forever:" "mine, only mine, forever!"

Her hand iny listless and unresisting in my own. I pressed my lips to her cheek. She shrank not from my k'ss, ne'ther did she return it—she simply profesal.

suffered it.

"Pauline" I whispered, "say once, Gilbert, my husband."

She repeated the words like a child learning a new lesson. My heart sank as her emotionless accents fell on my bars. I had a hard task before me!

I could not blame her. Why should she love me yet? Me, whose Christian name, I think, she heard yesterday for the first time? Better, far better, indifference than simulated love. She had become my wife simply because her difference than simulated love. She had become my wife simply because her uncle wished it. I could at least comfort myself by thinking the marriage had not been forced upon her; also that, so far as I could see, she entertained no dislike to me. I did not for one moment despair. I must now woo her humbly and reverently, as every man should woo his love. Certainly, as her should woo his love. Certainly, as her husband, I did not stand in a we se po-sition than when I was her fellow-lodger and old Teresa was following my every movement with her black suspiciou

I would win her, but until I could claim the rights which love would give, I resolved to take none of those with which the law had invested me. None

save this, and this only once.

"Pauline," I said, "will you kiss
me? Only once I ask it. It will nake me happier, but if you would rather wait until we are better acquainted, shall not complain.

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. Her young lips were red and warm, but they chilled me -in that kiss there was not a suspicion of the passion

which was theiling me.

I drew my hand from her, and, still sitting beside her, began to do my best to make myself agreeable to the woman I loved. If I felt distressed and somewhat disappointed, I concealed it and stroce to talk peasantly and naturally—tried to ascertain what manner of —tried to ascertain what manner of woman I had married—to get at her likes and dishkes—to study her disposiwishes-read her thoughts and eventually to make her regard me as one - ho would spend his life in rendering

her happy.

When was it the idea first struck me when was it the size arest struck me
—the horrible idea that even the peculiarity and novelty of the situation
could not altogether account for Pauline's apathy and lack of animation—
that shyness alone could not be entirely
responsible for the difficulty i experienced in making her talk to me, even in
inducing her to answer my questions? inducing her to answer my questions i made every excuse for her tired; she was upset; she could think of nothing else save the rash and sudden step taken to-day—more rash for her than for me—as I, at least, knew that I leved her. At last I, too, sank into silence, and miles and hours went by, whils the bride and bridegroom sat side by side without exchanging a word, much less a caress. It was a strange

much less a caress. It was a strange situation—a strange journey! And on and on the train rushed north-ward—on and on until the dusk began to creep over the flying country; and I sat and looked at the listless but beautiful girl at my side, and wondered what our future life would be: but I did not despair, although the rattle of the train despair, although the rattle of the train as it whirred along seemed to resolve itself into a dreamy rhythm, and reiterated without ceasing old Teresa's sullen words: "She is not for love or marriage—not for love or marriage."

Darker and darker it grew outside, and as the carriage light fell on the pure, white face of the girl beside me; as I watched its never clanging ex-

as I watched its never changing ex-pression, its beautiful but never varying pallor, a strange fear came over me—a fear lest she was wrapped in an armor of ice which no love would ever thaw Then tired, weary and almost dispirited I sank into a kind of sleep. The last thing I could remember before my eyes closed was that, in spite of my resolu-tion, I took that white, well-shaped, unresisting hand in my own, and slept still holding it.
Sleep! Yes, it was sleep, if sleep

means anything but rest and peace. Never, since the night I heard it, had that woman's stifled moaning come back to me so clearly; never had my dreams so nearly approached the reality of the terror which the blind man Edinburgh. I loosed my wife's hand and recalled my senses. That dream must have been a vivid one, for it left me with the beads of perspiration clammy on my brow.

Never having been to Edinburgh, and wishing to see something of the city, I had proposed staying there for two or three days. During the journey I had suzgested this to my wife. She had agreed to it as though place or time was a matter of little moment to her.

we drove to the hotel and supped to gether. From our manner we might, at the most, have been friends. Our intercourse, for the time, being confined teman toward a laily in whose society he is thrown. Pauline thanked me for any lit le attention to her comfort, and that was all. The journey had been a long and trying one—she looked wear-ied on.

"You are tired, Pauline," I said;

"You are tired, Fauline," I said;
"would you like to go to your room?"
"I am very tired." She spoke almost plaintively,
"Good-night, then," I said; "tomorrow you will fel better, and we
will look at the lions of the place."
She room we should hands and said She rose; we shook hands, and said

good-night. Pauline retired to her apartment, whilst I went out for a

that the girl could love me, or at least ascertained that she had the power of loving at all? The apathy and utter ascertained that she had the power of loving at all? The apathy and utter indifference she displayed fell like a chill upon my heart. I had done a foolish thing—a thing that could never be undone. I must bear the consequences. Still I would hope—hope, particularly, for what to-morrow might bring forth.

thinking over my strange posttion. Then I returned to the hotel and Then I returned to the hotel and sought my own apartment. It was one of the suite of rooms I had engaged, and next to my wife's. I disfussed, as well as I could, all hopes and fears until the morning came, and, tired with the day's events, at last slept.

My bride and I did not visit the Lakes as I had planned. In two days' time I had learned the whole truth

Lakes as I had planned. In two days' time I had learned the whole truth—learned all I could know—all that I might ever know about Pauline. The meaning of the old woman's repeated phrase, "she is not for love or marrage," was manifested to me. The reason why Dr. Ceneri had stipulated that Pauline's husband should be content to take her without inquiring into

that Pauline's husband should be con-tent to take her without inquiring into her early life was clear. Pauline—my wife—my love, had no past!

Or no knowledge of the past. Slow-ly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for that puzz led, strange look in those beautiful eyes—knew the look in those beautiful eyes-knew the reason for the iadifference, the apathy, she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was fair as the mora; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue; her voice low and sweet; but the one thing which animates every charm—the mind—was missing! Liow shall I describe her? Madness

means something quite different from her state. Imbecility would still less convey my meaning. There is no word I can find which is litting to use. There was simply something missing from her intellect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events. her interfect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events, she seemed to have none. The power of reasoning, weighing and drawing de-ductions seemed beyond her grasp. She appeared unable to recognize the im-vertance or hearing of occurrences tak. portance or bearing of occurrences tak-ing place round her. Sorrow and de-light were appeared. light were emotions she was incapable of feeling. Nothing appeared to move her. Unless her attention was called her. Unless her attention was caned to them she noticed neither persons nor places. She lived as by instinct—rose, ate, drank and lay down to rest as one not knowing why she did so. Such questions or remarks as came within the limited range of her capacity she replied to—those outside it passed un-heeded, or else the shy troubled eyes sought for a moment the questioner's face, and left him as mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious nquiring look.

Yet sae was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away no worse impression than that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were as those of a perfectly same voman; but as a rule her voice was only heard when the ordinary necessities of life denanded, or in reply to some simple question. Perhaps, I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child—but, alas!

was a child's mind in a woman's ody—an I hat woman was my wife! Life to her, so far as I could see, held neither mental pleasure nor pain. Con-sidered physically, I found that she was more influenced by heat and cold than by any other agents. The sun would tempt her out of doors, or the cold wind would drive her in. She was by no means unhappy. She seemed quite content to sit by my side, or to walk or drive with me tor hours without speaking. Her whole existence was a nega-

And she was sweet and doeile She And she was swee: and docted she followed every suggestion of mine, fell in with every plan, was ready to go here, there, or everywhere, as I wished; but her compliance and obedience were as those of a slave to a new master. It cemed to me that all ber life she must have been accustomed to obey some one. It was this habit which had so one. It was this hand which had so misled me—had almost made me think that Pauline loved me, or she would not have consented to that hasty marriage. Now, I knew that her ready obedience to her uncle's command was really due to the inability of her mind to offer resistence, and its powerlessness to com prehend the true meaning of the step

he was taking.
Such was Pauline, my wife! woman in her beauty and grace of per-son; a child in her clouded and un-ormed or stunted mind! And I her formed or stunted mind! And I, her husband, a strong man craving for love, might win from her, perchance, at last, what might be compared to the affection of a child to its parent, or a dog to his master.

As the truth, the whole truth, came

home to me, I am not ashamed to say that I lay down and wept in bitter

would not even have undone the mar-riage. She was my wife-the only woman I had ever cared for. I would was when the haunting cry rose shriller and shriller, and, at last, culminated by resolving itself into the shricking white, which told me we were near to white the same I vowed I while busy at our allotted tasks, with would have a fitting reckoning with that glib Italian doctor

Him, I left it was necessary I should see at once. From him I would wring all particulars. I would learn if Pauline had always been the same-if there was any hope that time and patient treatment would work an improvement. I would learn, moreover, the object of his concealment, I would, I drag the truth from him, or it should cost him dear. Until I stood are to face with Ceneri I should find no peace.

I told Pauline it was necessary we should return to London in mediately. She betrayed no surprise; ra sed no ob-jection. She made her preparations at once, and was ready to accompany me when I willed it. This was another thing about her which pu z'el me. So far as things mechanical went, she was as other people. In her toilet, even in her preparations for a ourney, she needed no assistancy. All her actions were those of a perfectly sane person; it was only when the mind was called upon to show itself that the deficiency became at all apparent

upon to show itself that the deficiency became at all apparent.

It was gray morning when we reached Easton Station. We had traveled all night. I smiled bitterly as I stepped on to the platform, smiled at the contrast between my thoughts of to day and those of a few mornings ago when I handed the wife I had so strangely won into the train, and told myself, as I followed her, that a life of perfect happiness was now about to begin

And yet how fair the girl looked a she stood by my side on that wide p form. How strangely that air of pose, that sweet, refined, calm face, that general appearance of ind fference, contrasted with the busy scene around us, as the train disgorged its contents. Oh, that I could sweep the clouds from her mind and make her what I wished! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

-Parisian borse cars are allowed to carry only a certain number of passen-gers—ten standing on the front plat-form, ten on the rear platform and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay 50 centimes (10 cents) and those outside 25 cen-times. When a car has its complement bring forth.

I walked about for a long time, reading 'complit' and no one can enter.

VACCINATION.

What Has Happened in a Land Wher This Preventive of Small-Pox is

That there are still intelligent people he oppose vaccination, and strive to make it appear that it is not only use-is natural or acquired. If he is naturally less but in turious, need surprise no one very vicious unless he is a very valuable cess but in turious, need surprise no one equainted with the vagaries of the uman mind. For such persons, testiauman mind. For such persons, testi-mony is of no avait. They are not capa-ble of seeing the conclusions of a logical train of reasoning. Facts to them are inferior in power to prejudices. Yet there are facts which now and

Yet there are facts which now and then are brought to one's notice, so startling in their native hideousness that it seems wrong to pass them over in silence. If it is only as a matter of medical statistics, we must print a reference to a letter from Dr. Neve, of the Mission Hospital in Cashmere, which has appeared in the Civil and Military Gazette, of Lahore: "Thanks to the exertions of the English authorities, vaccination has been carried to some extent in that portion of India some extent in that portion of India ruled by us; but in Cashmere the state of things in an entirely unprotected country was to be seen." Dr. Neve says it try was to be seen." Dr. Neve says it would be nearer the truth to say that the would be nearer the truth to say that the population is annihilated, than to say that it is decimated by the scourge of small-pox. Small-pox is endemie in every village and town of Cashmere. "I recently obtained from all my hospital staff a statement of the mortality of small-pox among their immediate relatives. They represent twenty-live face. tives. They represent twenty-five fam-lies, and in these 190 members were born, of whom exactly 100 died of smalltives. pox. Two or three children have not yet been attacked; all others have had the disease." Thus, of these 190 per-sons, at least ninety-five per cent, had een attacked by small-pox, and of those sixty-five per cent. succumbed. "There is not much room for hoping," Dr. Neve says, "that these figures indicate any recy unusual rate of mortality, and, of coarse, the evils indicated by the disease are lifelong in many who survive the

Such is the condition of things in a ountry where vaccination is not prac-iced, and such it was here before the iscovery of Jenner. So it would be gain were the crazy notions of the anti-accinationists to prevail—which, howver, we do not greatly fear. The world ray be old, but it is not senile.—Medicd and Surgical Reporter.

To Remove Dandruff. Take a piece of gum camphor as

erge as a chestnut, and place in one int of alcohol. This camphorizes the lcohol. The mixture may be perfumed to suit the taste. Wet the scalp with this daily. It will stimulate the ealp, promote the growth of the hair, nd in many instances prevent it from tling of. German women are noted their luxuriant hair. Once in every wo weeks they wash their head thor-neghly with a quart of soft water, in which a handful of bran and a little white soap had been dissolved; then the clk of an egg, slightly beaten, is abbed into the roots of the hair; this s allowed to remain a few minutes, and hen the hair is washed and rinsed care fully in soft water. It is then wiped and dried thoroughly, combed from the oresead and parted with the fingers After drying, apply a little pomatum, made of beef marrow boiled in a small quantity of olive oil and slightly per-fumed. Do this near the fire in winter, or in a very warm room. Almost all curling fluids are mere impositions; but with a weak solution of isinglass a firm and lasting form may be given to the hair. This solution is inoffensive. The hair should be well brushed every day in order to keep it in perfect condition. Always use the best brushes. They are the cheapest in the end. Use the brush very rapidly and for about five minutes. A celebrated beauty said the hair should eccive one hundred strokes a day, and treeeive one hundred strokes a day, and they should be applied in three minutes' time. A good and the safest wash for the teeth is pure soft water and the finest quality of castile soap. Apply with a moderately stiff brush morning and evening. The above recipes are worthy of a trial, especially for those who desire beautiful hair.—Eoston Enderd.

The Meteors of 1833. "While engaged as a compositor of leading New York paper on the night of November 12-13, 1833, it was my I loved her even new I knew all! I good fortune," says James S. Drake, would not even have undone the mar- an employe of the Sun lay Leveler, "to be detained at the office in Wall Street he aid of sperm oil lamps, suddenly the whole heavens shone as if in flames, and or several hours countless balls of fire dashed along the sky. The marvelous display of the Creator's glory was gen-erally spoken of as a rain of fire.' When my duties were completed I pro-ceeded up Broadway, which was as light as at noonday, and throngs of citizens were still abroad at three clock in the morning of the 13th. The pleadors of that night will fade from ay mind only when my faculties fail to stinguish the brilliant noon from a ght which envelopes the landscape in cloom." In all sections of the country, rom Maine to Georgia, came tidings that the people were awakened and watched with wonder the falling stars. Many fancied the earth was burning, an hat they themselves would soon perish in the fiery furnace. The colored peo-ple in the Southern States, who were very ignorant, came out from their cab-ins, and often fell into wild convulsions as, and often left into what contrastors of terror. They prayed, they shouted; they cried out, "The day of judgment has come!" The beautiful sight continued until morning.—Elizabeth (N. J.) Transcript. .) Transcript.

After Her Heart.

"You don't want to marry that felw," said a cautious mamma to her laughter.

"Yes, I do." "No, you don't. You don't really we him, my dear."

"Well, perhaps not: but it's my first bance, and I may never get another." "Never mind if you don't. Wait until you find a man after your own "That's just what's the matter, mamma; Charlie has been after my neart for eighteen months, and I guess I'd better let him have it."—Boston

-The time-honored custom of send-ing the editor a slight token of the weding feast is about to be revived. Of this we are truly glad. Bless you, it gives inspiration to our pencil to write from behind a basketful of the frag-ments of a wedding feast.—Cartersville VICIOUS RAMS

We are asked by a correspondent what he shall do with a vicious ram. He does not say how victors he is, or whether it animal, he would soon cease to trouble us, if he was cross. Such animals us, if he was cross. Such animals are not only an annoyance but they are positively dangerous to life and limb. A full blow upon a vital part might result most seriously. The often adopted plan in such cases is to hang a blind upon the head, so that the animal can not see in front of him, and if he is very ugly, the blind, which should be of leather, can be drawn back and tied entirely over his eyes. That will make him harmless if you look out for yourself. But there be drawn back and tied entirely over his eyes. That will make him harmless if you look out for yourself. But there are objections to doing it, and it would be excusable, as said before, only upon the grounds of the animal's great value. Besides it would not make watchful-the part of the fleckmaster unness on the part of the flockmaster ecessary.

Perhaps the animal may not be nature

Fernaps the animal may not be naturally vicious. It is often the case that they are made vicious by being tensed, or because those who attend them have shown in their presence that they are afraid of them. It will not do to show cowardiee in the ram's presence. He will soon take advantage of it. If this ram is of this character, we should ad-vise that he be shown that he is not boss. This may be done by preparing yourself with whip when going into his presence, and upon his attack, lash him over the and upon his attack, lash him over the head rapidly. If he starts to run follow him up and lash him all the time. If you have no whip and he makes the attack kick him in the face as often as you can before he runs. Generally this sort of treatment will cure an animal of this kind. If it does not and he is not of great value, got him ready for mutton as soon as possible. We have no patience with a vicious animal of any kind. They are a nuisanes on the farm. It is next to impossible for everybody that has to do with them to be on guard against sible for everybody that has to do with them to be on guard against their attacks. Sometimes they are purchased because they are cheap. But while the amount of money paid may not be large, they are dear at any price. And that being so, it is a very unprofit-And that being so, it is a very improfit-able business to permit children or help, as is sometimes the case, to tease ani-mals. We have seen valuable animals ruined in this way. It should be a rule everywhere that nothing should be teased. The child certainly ought not to be, and a young animal should be just as carefully guarded as the child is, for its discounts is indused in sec. for its disposition is influenced in pre-cisely the same way. Gentleness and kindness and love towards both will produce happy results as a general thing, while harshness and ill temper and teasing will most probably result in spoiling either child or animal. Sheep are particularly liable to be teased by children. While young they are harm-less, and the teasing is fun which can be carried on without danger. When the ram becomes old enough to take care of himself the teasing may cease, damage is done.—Rural World.

WHITEFISH.

The Threatened Extermination of This Yaluable Species of Food. Year after year of late the State Fish Commission of Wisconsin and other States bave freely stocked the waters of the lakes with young whitelish. Yet year after year the eatch of whitelish diminishes, until now the extermination of this valuable species of food is threatened. Where do the whitefish go to? The answer is not far to find. Exhaustive experiments have been made and have proved that the artificial stocking of the lakes through the me-dium of State fish hatcheries is in itself uccessful. Healthy young fish by the nillions—and more whitefish than fish minons—and more waiteless than itsiof other varieties—have been deposited
in Lake Michigan, and in spite of any adverse natural conditions they have lived
and thriven. But experiments have
proved, too, that whiteless are exceptionally tender; and, unlike many other
and hardier varieties, they hug close to
the shore, where the water is shallow
and warm. These shallow reaches of and warm. These shallow reaches of the lakes from Chicago to Buffalo are almost literally lined by trap-nets, set by the dwellers along shore. In such nets, with fish of larger size, the par-tially grown whitefish are caught When the nets are pulled up these latter are taken out and—not preserved for food, but thrown back into the water dead, being too small for use. Thus thousands upon thousands are killed Terr vear care which in sale has a new creased but rather steadlily dimini-hed year after year. There must be law and the rigid enforcement of law prohibiting the use of trap-nets or the fish supply of the great lakes will be exter-minated. The law to be effective must be a law by Congress also, for no State law and no combination of laws by different States adjacent to the lakes can meet the case.—Milwanice Wisconsin.

Cushions are prohibited in the New York herse cars by the Board of Health A young man may be good on a loaf, but et make a bad bread-winner.-Judge

"I LIKE good, solid, substantial food," remarked Mrs. Jarphly at the breakfast table. "Is that why you bake such solid bread, ma?" inquired Johnnie, and he held a close communion with his mother's slipper.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Two MOTHERS-IN-LAW in Austin a day or two since had a hair-pulling match The son-in-law took refuge lehind a lum-ber pile till the "clouds rolled by."—Terri-torial Enterprise.

"Rose of the roses," gushes Alfred
"What a buttonhole bouquet we'd make,"
she answered. "What do you mean?"
"A rose with a sprig of evergreen."—Sar
Francisco Chronicle.

"John, I am very despondent. I don't seem to get on in the world. I belleve I'll blow out my brains." "Good scheme, my boy. I beleve if you do you will strike a blow at the real cause of your trouble."—Chicago News. LAYING aside for a rainy day-putting the unifiella on the top sheaf of the closet

The richest man in the world lives in China. A sort of China-Astor, as it were. -Boston Star.

One swallow does not made a out one swallow does make some-STATISTICIANS say that black eyes are

ncreasing in Europe. This seems stran n view of the fact that reports of sparric natches over there have failed to reach a WE suppose the gaze of a cross-eyed gir might be technically spoken of as a wind-ing stare.—Rockland Courier.

ROUNDER says his wife is the light-ve hampion. She always stays up till homes home.—Oil City Derruk.

A POOL man always looks out for nu

HOME AND FARM.

—An agricultural je urnal advises the planting of plum trees h: the hen yard. —Eggs packed in well-aried ashes, and so as not touch each other, have been kept perfectly sweet for twelve months.

months.

—Supply your barns and stables with brushes and wire curry-combs that will not scratch the tender skin of animals, and see that they are used.

of animals, and see that they are used.

—The stem of the pumpkin, when grated fine and steeped, strained, and the decoction well sweetened, is a very valuable remedy for flatulent or examp colic.—Troy Times.

—Puffs: Sift one quart of flow with one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, add one teaful of salt and one pint of water. Shape into small cakes and bake in a greased pan.—The Household.

pan. - The Household. —A writer in the Prairic Farmer proposes to have a bed of clean, sharp sand, twelve to twenty feet square, in-closed and roofed over, for his horses to roll in. The bed should be raised to prevent water from running into the

-An experienced aplarist says: If honey is kept where it freezes during winter, the capping in the spring will be found full of minute cracks, and as soon as the weather is warm honey will ooze from the cells. Some recom-

will ooze from the cells. Some recommend keeping it in a dry, cool place.

—Do not buy opiates for sleeplessness. Be out in the sun as much as possible without a sunshade, and we venture to say that you will slumber soundly at night, Sunlight is very invigorating, and those who are healthy never complain of loss of sleep. If you want to be like a plant grown in the shade remain in doors.—N. F. the shade remain in doors. Herald.

—A recent cough will almost always yield to the following treatment within two or three days: Mix in a bottle four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water, two grains of morphine. Shake well. Dose for an adult, one or two tenspoonfuls every two or three hours. Half this quantity to children from ten to fifteen years.—It is not safe to give it to teen years. -It is not safe to give it to mfants or children under ten years of

age.—Chicago Journal.

—A writer in the Tribune and Farmer —A writer in the Tribune and Farmer states that he has cured several cases of founder with alum. He put one tablespoonful, finely pulverized, as far back in the animal's mouth as possible, as soon as making the discovery that the horse was stiffened. Not only does be claim that he has cured several cases, but strongly affirms that he has never known the remedy to fail, if given immediately after the trouble has developed itself.

A GIRL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Every Young Lady Should Be Instructed in the Science of Carving Meats.

One of the minor accomplishments to

be acquired by every girl is the science or art of earving. Let her learn how to cook by all means, if she has any gift for that divine art, but to understand the graceful dissection of a joint or a fowl is still more important if she ever intends being at the head of an stablishment. Generally this duty falls to the man of the house, who, though he may not be skillful, is yet strong of wrist, and whose right it is to hack and slash without reproof from the other end of the board. But when a lady eyn easily and, devigently here. the other end of the board. But when a lady can easily and dexterously perform this share of man's prerogative, it has a very pretty appearance. There must be many persons in Boston who can recall the dignity and the elegance with which Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis always presided at her little dinners in Mount Vernon street, for whoever saw her at such times would not be likely to her at such times would not be likely to forget the hostess or the quaint charm of the surroundings of that hospitable and now memorable abode. Mrs. Otis was the only woman in Boston who had sufficient tact and intellectual to hold a salon where all and classes of society were welcome, and she was also one of the few, if not the only woman, who under-stood the art of giving a comfortable. choice dinner, without any of the dis choice dinner, without any of the dis-play that detracts so much nowadays from true hospitality. She would sit at her table and carve the roast, cooked in her kitchen before an open wood fire with as much case as though she sat on a throne, waving a sceptre that acted like a magician's wand. The guests who never numbered more than three or five, watched the proceeding with delight or they were unconscious of any effort being made to supply their wants, for Mrs. Otis was a most bril-liant conversationalist, and this matter in hand of cutting up the piece de resistence of a dinner never for one in-stant disturbed the mental flow or re-duce the table to silence. It was an education to see Mrs. Otis at those moments, and not all the ponderous butlers that have come since those days into fashion can serve a dinner half so well or so noiselessly as the "Mary" who stood beside her chair. Had Mrs. who stood beside her chair. Had Mrs. Otis been richer perhaps this famous phase of her famous hospitality would not have had reason for being, and she would only be remembered as a public-spirited woman who did more to enarge Boston thought and improve its r since her day .- The Beacon.

WATER.

one of the Laws Upon Which Agricultur Practice is Founded

Water is the universal solvent. Nothng in existence can resist its soluble ac tion. And oxygen is the great reducing agent by which matter may be ren lered easily soluble in water. Water and oxygen are everywhere; the atmos phere is never so dry but it contains matery vapor or water in solution, and in every 100 parts of it there are nearly 21 parts of oxygen. The effect of water and oxygen may be familiarly il-lustrated by the example of a piece of iron that is exposed to the air under or-dinary circumstances. As the air is most the water and oxygen together iron that is exposed to the air under ordinary circumstances. As the air is moist, the water and oxygen together cause the iron to rust, the rust being an oxide or a combination of the oxygen with the iron. In time the iron will have been completely rusted away or changed into oxide of iron, which may be dissolved in water and carried away; so that the whote substance of the iron may be removed. Had the air been perfectly dry the iron would have been unaffected, for nearly all chemical action, and especially that of oxidation, takes place only in the presence of moisture. It is therefore necessary, before any change or improvement can take place in the soil that it should be opened by culture to the influences of the atmosphere and of moisture; for it is one of the laws upon which agricultural practice is founded that the mechanical condition of the soil is an important element of its fer uility.—N. Y. Times.

A MUSCOVITE'S TRIBULATIONS

The Story of August Blandowski's Life as Russian Officer of the Royal Guarde, Exile-Ballet Master, Theater Proprietor and Convict—The Work of An Unprincipled MILWAUKER, WIR., December 2. In August, 1881, August Bland

New York theatrical man was arrested

here on a charge of forgery, and after a short trial was sent to prison for a term well known and well thought of by the New York theatrical people, and for some time before coming west he was one of the most successful ballet-masters in New York, The news of his crime, arrest and conviction created quite a sensation in eastern theatrical quite a sensation in eastern theatrical circles. Blandowski was the victim of circumstances, and as there were many palliating features, friends in the profession at once set schemes on foot to secure the man's pardon. They have at last been successful in their efforts, and a pardon from Governor Rusk reached the prison last night, and to-day Blandowski left the institution a free man. The man's story, as learned by a correspondent,

ESTAPE TO AMERICA.

In 1860 he came to this country from Russia, with plenty of money and a title, though an exile. In his native country he was an officer of the Royal Guards. He fell in love with a peasant girl of beauty, and overcoming parental objections, married her. She proved to be unworthy of his affection, being vain of her good looks, fond of fine dresses and inclined to coquette with the courters. She almost ruined him by her extravagance, and when he remonstrated she rebelled. Blandowski was one day arrested and thrown into prison, where he was kept for weeks without an explanation. Then his General called upon him and told him that the cause of his imprisonment was the discovery of Nihilistic pamphlets at his house. The General said that Blandowski's wife had begged him to attempt to secure her husband's release, and it was in response to her request that he made the visit to the prison. The guards had been bribed, and arrangements made to transport him to the coast, where he could take a vessel and READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

ESCAPE TO AMERICA.

ESCAPE TO AMERICA.

Blandowski indignantly replied that he was innocent, and did not need to fly like a criminal. Thereupon the General produced a letter from the prisoner's wife imploring him to fly. She confessed that the Nihilist documents were obtained through her instrumentality, and in affecting language asked his forgiveness for bringing misfortune upon him. She asked him to accept the services of his General, who would prove a friend, and to escape to America, where she would follow. Blandowski burst into tears at this evidence of his wife's affection. The General pressed a well-filled purse into his hand, and they passed the bribed jailers without trouble. He reached New York in safety, but his wife did not follow him, and he learned subsequently that his imprisoment was a conspiracy between his wife and the General. His wife planned to get him out of the country, and provers a divorce on the attentions. planned to get him out of the country, and procure a divorce on the strength of his criminality against the Government, so as to marry the General.

in this country, and his money meited away until he was obliged to take a class of ballet dancers to earn enough for his support. Afterward his condition improved and he became the proprietor of a theater in Deaver. In 1868 the building caught fire, burning to the ground and entirely ruining him financially. He then returned to New York, and found employment at his former calling of ballet master. In 1881 he came here with a party of friends, and getting out of money he forged the name of a local theatrical manager to several notes and deposited them at the hotel as security for board. The forgery was discovered and Blandowski was punished. BAD LUCK PUBSUED HIM Friends have secured him a position ballet master with the Michael Stre Company, and he will at once leave city. sition as Strogoff

SHORT SHRIFT.

Charles F. Stevens, Better Known as "Omnha Charley," Lynched at Maryville, Mo., for Shooting Hubert Kremer.
MARTVILLE, Mo., December 2.

Chas. F. Stevens, alias Omaha Charley, who shot Hubert Kremer in a saloon in this city on Wednesday of last week, was taken out of the county jail last night a little after midnight, by thirty or forty maskers and hanged till dead on a bridge 100 yards distant. Sheriff Anderson and Deputy Sheriff Jack Anderson refused to surrender Omaha Charley to the mob, when a number of shots were fired by the maskers, and some of them came near hitting Sheriff Anderson, graz-Deputy

EMPTIED THEIR REVOLVERS
and were forced up-stairs, where the mob
completely overpowered them and took
the key to the cell from the Sheriff.
They then got a light and went into the
cell where Omaha Charley was. He
offered what resistance he could, and
clung on to the railing with Fearful tenacity. It is reported that he bit one of
the maskers' thumbs nearly off, and
that another masker was wounded in the
arm during the shooting. When they
took Charley to the bridge he wanted to
be heard. They told him to go ahead,
when he said: "Gentlemen, what does
this mean?" Some voices said: "Is this EMPTIED THEIR REVOLVERS when he said: "Gentlemen, what does this mean?" Some voices said: "Is this all you have to say?" He said nothing more, except when they pulled him up, he exclaimed:

"MY GOD!"

"MY GOD!"

The Sheriff and deputy made a gallant defense. The shooting of Kremer was very unprovoked. He is yet living, with a chance to get well. Omaha Charley was a desperate man and while many feel that he fully merited such treatment, yet the law-ahiding citizens of the community deeply regret that the law was not per mitted to take its due course.

A Female Incendiary.

SPARTENBURG, S. C., Decem The arrest of Mrs. Alice Vance, the wife of a respectable miller in this county charged with incendiarism, has created a sensation here. Several mysterious fires have taken place within the last few weeks, the most notable being the burn-ing of the gin house of Colonel Hammett on the Paedet River in October last. It is claimed the evidence is clear